

A Prayer for Teenage Kids and Their Mama, Too

Dear *Father* in Heaven,

I flat out need You more today than ever. I know I've said this before. But something about being in charge of teens - young men and women – feels mighty scary.

When a sense of urgency weighs heavy, help me remember You've helped me train my kids all along. **Help me not focus on what I haven't done, but relax in what I have.** Help me parent from *Truth not fear*, and may the eyes of my heart see Your perspective, promises, and patience.

Please help me remember they are *becoming*. Don't let a spirit of discouragement settle in when I don't see progress. Though I want to be clear about boundaries, may my responses to their poor choices be *gracious*. May my responses to their good choices be *gracious*.

If it ain't broke, don't let me fix it.

It seems so much of parenting older kids well is about being hands-off as much as hands-on. Give me wisdom on when my voice is needed or simply my ears. When my presence helps and when my presence hurts. Because sometimes parenting well means getting out of the way, letting them test their wings. *Fly or fall, help me remember both serve their purpose.* Help me be their *loudest cheerleader* when they succeed. Help me be their *quiet haven* when they fall.

Help me know when to make a big deal of something and when to chill out. Don't let me turn molehills into mountains, but also give me courage to look real problems straight in the eye.

Help me understand their fears and emotions and not blow them off. **Help me take them seriously because they seriously need me.** And because they are always worth it.

May *encouragement* not criticism be my default. **Now more than ever, unconstructive criticism makes me an unsafe confidante.**

May I give eye contact, hugs, and grace in abundance. **May they know they can't outsin or outrun Your love.** May they see their worth in *nothing but Christ*.

Everyday, please show me something uniquely beautiful about my teens, and may I **praise You** for it. *For them*.

May I always turn to You first for gratitude and guidance. Help me remember you see all my children's days stretched before them as I see only this one. Thank you for always being *for* my children and for filling all my parenting gaps.

In the mighty name of Jesus,

{and all the mamas of teens say}

Amen